

The Silent Type

"The Silent Type - Subtle Fires"

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I saw that mansion of glory. It lit the hills with subtle fires so bright it hid my suffering, 'til shame made me avert my eyes. I walked along 'til evening. My heavy head grew tired from carrying the burn of my body's slowly aching fire. I see my sister fall beside me as I walk. She seems to mirror every step, every mistake. I reach to carry her but I can't hold myself. What will I offer when I've lost everything? But still we keep on walking. The mansion still lies far away. And if our hands are empty at least we know we're safe. And if we lose direction before our burdens fall away, will you come greet us early? It's certain, Lord, we'll go astray.

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